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JUSTICE

COMICS

TRUE CASES *PROVING* CRIME CAN'T WIN!

ONE OF THE LETHAL GUNS SLIPPED FROM JOHNNY'S BULLET-SMASHED FINGERS! HIS EYES FOLLOWED IT DOWN, AS IT HIT THE FLOOR WITH A THUD!

YOU-YOU DIRTY DOG! I'LL FIX YOU--FIX YOU ***GOOD!*** LET GO OF MY FOOT! TAKE THAT, YOU...

PAPA!

OW-W-W!

C'MON, C'MON, WHAT'RE YOU WAITING FOR?

THE OLD MAN--HE CAME TO AND GRABBED ME BY THE ANKLE! BUT I FIXED HIM--I KICKED HIS HEAD IN!

MARVEL COMICS

BUT THE OLD MAN WASN'T THROUGH YET! HE STIRRED AND MOANED AND THE OLD, TOIL-WORN HAND REACHED OUT AGAIN-- THIS TIME FOR THE GUN THAT JOHNNY SANCHICO HAD DROPPED!

OLD GOLD BOUGHT

OH, PAPA! WHAT DID HE ***DO*** TO YOU?

HERE IS A VIOLENT PAGE TORN FROM THE VICIOUS LIFE OF JOHNNY "THE GUN" SANCHICO! EVERY VIOLENT, SMASHING, BULLET-RIDDEN HOUR--EVERY HEADLINE THAT SCREAMED THE TRUTH ABOUT ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS CRIMINALS OF OUR TIME--

IN THIS ISSUE!

OKAY, FOLLER ME!

GO AHEAD! OW-W-W! ***MY LEG!*** THAT OLD-- HERE, QUICK, MONK-- SHUT THAT DAME UP, AND GIMME A HAND!

HELP! POLICE! POLICE!

NUTS! I ***TOLD*** YOU TO TAKE CARE OF THOSE TWO! THAT NOISE WAS ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD! YOU'RE ON YOUR ***OWN,*** KID! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE! S'LONG, JOHNNY!

SHOP

WAIT! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME LIKE ***THIS! MONK--***

WAIT! WHY, YOU ***DIRTY, TWO-TIMING RAT!*** YOU...

THROW THAT GUN AWAY, PUNK, OR WE'LL SHOOT YOU FULL OF HOLES!

OKAY, I WAS A SUCKER TO EVEN TRUST ANOTHER MUG-- BUT JUST WAIT-- YOU AIN'T HEARD THE LAST OF JOHNNY "THE GUN"!

THE STORY THAT SHOCKED A NATION!

NEW! Jim Prentice SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949 ELECTRIC BASEBALL

IT'S A HIT!

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BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME – DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!
SAYS DAD... THE COACH
HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!
GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!
AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD
HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!

WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!
OH, BOY! LET'S GO!
HEY, THAT'S KEEN!
I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE.
YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!
WE WANT A HOME RUN!
STRIKE HIM OUT!
I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!
WATCH MY FAST BALL!

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"JOHNNY "THE GUN" SANCHICO!"

BASED ON A TRUE STORY!

A CROOK NEVER KNOWS WHO HIS FRIENDS ARE! THE MAN WHO'S PATTING HIM ON THE BACK NOW MAY BE STICKING A KNIFE INTO THAT SAME BACK LATER! THRU THE STREETS OF NEW YORK IN THE 1930's STALKED SUCH A CROOK-- JOHNNY "THE GUN" SANCHICO! HE BUILT HIS CASTLE OF CRIME OVER THE BODIES OF HIS VICTIMS...UNTIL ONE OF HIS VICTIMS-- BUT, READ ABOUT HIM FOR YOURSELF...

HE'D AS SOON KILL A MAN AS SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM!

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GO EASY, TOMKINS-- HE'S *KILL CRAZY!*

LISTEN, YOU COPPERS, STOP SHOOTING OR I'LL PUT A SLUG RIGHT THROUGH HER BACKBONE!

LET ME GO! I'LL BE *HIT!* *NO!* JOHNNY-- *DON'T!*

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE--STUDY IT WELL! THIS IS THE PICTURE OF A VICIOUS, POWER-HUNGRY, GUN-PUNK! THIS IS A PICTURE TO CUT OUT AND FRAME, TO KEEP AND REMEMBER AS THE PICTURED PROOF THAT

JUSTICE *SMASHES THE GANGSTERS!*

NO YOU WON'T, JOHNNY! THIS TIME *I'M* THE GUY WITH THE GUN! AND *I'M* THE GUY WHOSE FATHER YOU RUBBED OUT, *REMEMBER?*

FROM 1930 TO 1936 A YOUNG GORILLA WHO EARNED THE NAME OF "THE GUN," PROWLED THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, LIKE A BEAST IN THE JUNGLES OF SOCIETY! LIKE A BEAST HE STALKED AND KILLED WITHOUT MERCY, WITHOUT COMPASSION! ALLOW US TO INTRODUCE TO YOU THE INFAMOUS KILLER, JOHNNY "THE GUN" SANCHICO!

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

JUSTICE

JOHNNY SANCHICO STARTED EARLY! WHEN HE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD HE HAD BEEN SENT TO REFORM SCHOOL FOR STEALING MILK AND FRUIT AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT WAS LOOSE AND NOT WATCHED! HERE HE IS IN MARCH, 1930, NOW TWENTY-TWO AND IN HIS FAVORITE HANGOUT-- MURRAY'S POOL PARLOR!

HEY, JOHNNY, I WANTA TALK TO YOU!

HI-YA, MONK! BEAT IT, WHITEY, MONK AN' ME HAS THINGS TO TALK ABOUT!

AW, CAN'T WE FINISH THE GAME FOIST?

I SAID *BEAT IT*, PUNK!

OWW! OKAY, JOHNNY, OKAY-- I'M GOIN'!

HAW! HAW! *THAT'S* THE WAY, JOHNNY BOY!

OKAY, MONK, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

I GOT A SPOT STAKED OUT, KID-- A GAS STATION ON THE EAST SIDE! IT'LL BE A *CINCH*-- JUST ONE GUY ON DUTY AND HE'S CRIPPLED UP WITH RHEUMATISM!

DID YOU GET THE ARTILLERY?

NOT YET! WE'LL GET IT TONIGHT! Y'KNOW LENNIGER'S PAWN SHOP ON LEXINGTON? WELL, I SAW FOUR .38'S IN HIS WINDOW! WE'LL BREAK IN TONIGHT, GET THE GUNS AN' WHATEVER CASH HE HAS--AN' *WE'RE IN BUSINESS!*

TWELVE O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT, ON LEXINGTON AVENUE!

THIS THE JOINT, MONK?

YEAH! THE OL' MAN SLEEPS IN BACK OF THE STORE SO WE'LL HAVE TO BE QUIET! THERE'S SOME .38 BULLETS I SWIPED FROM THE SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THAT WINDOW!

I GOT A GLASS CUTTER-- I'LL CUT THE GLASS, THEN I CAN GET MY HAND INSIDE AN' OPEN THE LOCK!

KEEP IT QUIET, KID!

IN A FEW MINUTES THE TWO YOUNG HOODLUMS WERE INSIDE...

HEY, THERE'S THE CASH REGISTER OVER HERE!

NUTS TO THE *CASH REGISTER*, I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE *GUNS*!

JUSTICE

AH, THIS IS WHAT I WANT-- *GUNS!* NOW *NOTHING* CAN STOP ME! WITH A GUN IN MY FIST I'M AS GOOD AS ANY DIRTY COPPER!

WHAT IS IT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

IT'S OLD MAN LENNIGER-- HE HEARD US!

I'LL FIX HIM!

YOU *HOODLUMS!* ROBBING MY STORE--*HELP! POLICE! OWWW!*

CLAM UP, STUPID! WHO YA CALLING A HOODLUM?

C'MON, JOHNNY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! MAYBE SOMEBODY HEARD THE OLD MAN HOLLER!

FIRST I'M GOING TO LOAD THESE GUNS! THEN IF SOMEBODY *DID* HEAR HIM--*LET 'EM COME!* HA! HA! THEY'LL GET MORE THAN THEY FIGURED ON!

PAWN SHOP

HERE, *THEY'RE* ALL LOADED--YOU TAKE THESE!

OKAY! I'M GOIN' TO TRY MINE OUT ON THIS LOUD-MOUTHED OLD...

HOLD IT! HE'S OUT COLD! WHAT'S THE SENSE OF KILLING HIM AND MAKING MORE OF A RACKET? C'MON, *LET'S GO!*

ALL RIGHT, BUT LISTEN, JOHNNY, YOU CAN'T BE SOFT ABOUT THINGS LIKE THIS IF YOU WANT TO HIT THE BIG TIME! I'LL SEE IF ANYTHING IS STIRRIN' OUT FRONT!

MONK McGUIRE STOLE TO THE FRONT OF THE STORE AND PEERED OUT INTO A QUIET STREET, WHILE JOHNNY STOOD STILL AND STRAINED HIS EARS FOR THE SOUND OF ANY ACTIVITY FROM THE REAR OF THE STORE!

OKAY, JOHNNY, THE COAST IS CLEAR!

COMIN', MONK!

JUSTICE

AS JOHNNY STARTED TO MOVE FORWARD TOWARD THE DOOR, AN OLD, VEINED HAND REACHED UP FROM THE POOL OF DARKNESS THAT COVERED THE FLOOR, AND THE GNARLED FINGERS COILED TIGHTLY AROUND THE YOUNG HOODLUM'S ANKLE!

WHAT-WHAT'S THAT? *LEMME GO!*

ONE OF THE LETHAL GUNS SLIPPED FROM JOHNNY'S FEAR-STIFFENED FINGERS! HIS EYES FOLLOWED IT DOWN AS IT HIT THE FLOOR WITH A THUD!

YOU-YOU *LOUSY DOG!* I'LL FIX YOU--FIX YOU GOOD! LET GO OF MY FOOT! *TAKE THAT,* YOU.

PAPA!

OW-W-W!

C'MON, C'MON, WHAT'RE YOU YOU WAITING FOR?

THE OLD MAN, HE CAME TO AN' GRABBED ME BY THE ANKLE! BUT I FIXED *HIM*--I KICKED HIS *HEAD* IN!

BUT THE OLD MAN WASN'T THROUGH YET! HE STIRRED AND MOANED AND THE OLD, TOIL-WORN HAND REACHED OUT AGAIN--THIS TIME FOR THE GUN THAT JOHNNY SANCHICO HAD DROPPED!

OH, PAPA! WHAT DID HE *DO* TO YOU?

PAWN SHOP

PAWN SHOP

OKAY, FOLLOW ME!

GO AHEAD--OW-W-W! MY *LEG!* THAT OLD--HERE, *QUICK,* MONK--SHUT THAT DAME UP AND GIMME A *HAND!*

HELP! POLICE! POLICE!

NUTS! I TOLD YOU TO *KILL* THE OLD BIRD! THAT NOISE WAS ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, KID--I'M GETTIN' *OUTTA* HERE! S'LONG, JOHNNY!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME! *MONK, WAIT!* WHY, YOU LOUSY, TWO-TIMING *RAT!* YOU...

SHOP

THROW THAT GUN AWAY, PUNK, OR WE'LL SHOOT YOU FULL OF HOLES!

OKAY, COPPERS, YOU GOT ME--*THIS* TIME! BUT THERE'LL BE *ANOTHER* TIME, AND THE *NEXT* TIME I'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO! YES SIR, *I'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!*

THE LAW IN ACTION

JUSTICE

So Johnny Sanchico was taken to jail and grilled by two detectives...

Who was your partner, Johnny?

I ain't talkin'! I'll take care of him when I get out of here and no dumb flatfoot is goin' to deprive me of that pleasure!

You little gutter-rat, I ought to-- aw, get on your feet smart guy, I'm going to find you a nice warm cell!

Johnny was sentenced to ten years! During the first year of his incarceration he met "Boots" Phillips, an old time hood! Later they were put in the same cell!

I tell ya, take it easy, kid-- be a model prisoner! You're young, maybe dey'll shorten your stretch for good behavior!

Okay, Boots! I guess you know what you're talkin' about!

So Johnny became a model prisoner and six years later, in 1936, he was advised that the parole board was granting his request for parole!

Glad ya made it, kid! Now remember, go see King Cappiello an' tell him I sent you! Don't make the mistake ya made the *last* time, kid! Good luck!

Thanks, Boots--and don't worry, I'll never be that soft again! The next time I get a gat in my hand I'll kill *anybody* that stands in front of me!

Six years before, Johnny had entered the pen a cheap two-bit grifter -- but after six years of Boots Phillip's teachings, he leaves the prison gates a cold-eyed bitter, would-be killer!

They'll *never* get me back into that rat-hole again!

Johnny wasted no time! That same night he went to see King Cappiello!

So Boots sent you, huh? How is the old jerk?

He's okay! Well, how about it, King -- am I *in* or *out*?

We'll see what the boys say! Come in, boys!

Johnny! Johnny Sanchico!

Hey, it's good to see you! No hard feelings about that little caper, huh, Johnny? I did what I *hadda* do!

No hard feelings, Monk! Like you say, you did what you had to do!

THE LAW IN ACTION

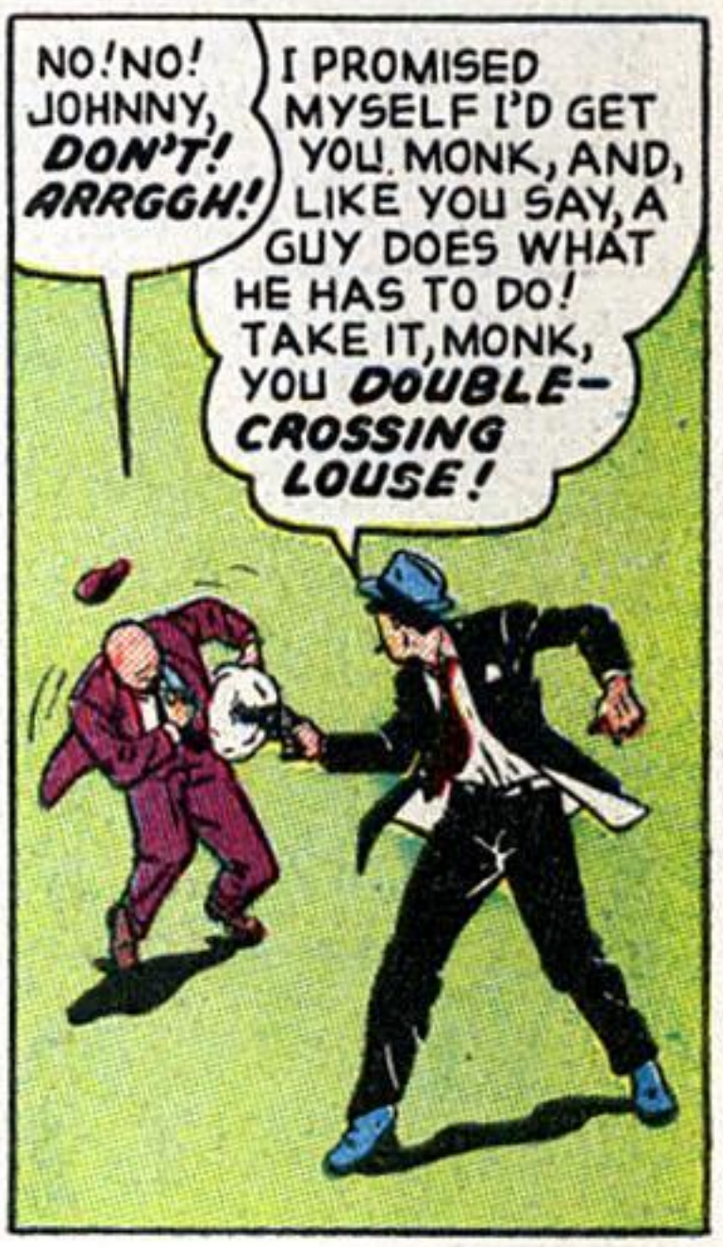
JUSTICE

WELL, I SEE YOU GUYS KNOW EACH OTHER! MONK, WHAT'S WITH THIS GUY? IS HE OKAY?
SURE, KING-- HE'S OKAY! HE MADE A MISTAKE ONCE BUT I DON'T THINK HE'LL MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE HUH?
LIKE YOU SAY, MONK, I WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE!

WE GOTTA BE CAREFUL, JOHNNY! THE LAST TIME WE PULLED A JOB THE NEWS LEAKED OUT BEFORE HAND! THE COPPERS HAD US TAGGED AN' WE WERE LUCKY TO PULL OUT IN TIME! OKAY, YOU'RE IN!
THANKS! BOOTS TOLD ME YOU WERE A BIG-TIME OPERATOR! THAT'S FOR ME-- BIG TIME!

HERE'S A .38! WEAR IT IN GOOD HEALTH, HA! HA!
HEY, JOHNNY, REMEMBER THE LAST TIME YOU HELD A .38 IN YOUR HAND? HA! HA!
YEAH!

YEAH, MONK LIKE YOU SAY, I REMEMBER-- AND LIKE YOU SAY, I DON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE!
HAW! HAW! GOOD OL' JOHNNY! HEY JOHNNY, WHAT YOU LOOKIN' AT ME FOR? HEY! I'M YOUR PAL, JOHNNY!


NO! NO! JOHNNY, DON'T! ARRGGH!
I PROMISED MYSELF I'D GET YOU, MONK, AND, LIKE YOU SAY, A GUY DOES WHAT HE HAS TO DO! TAKE IT, MONK, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING LOUSE!

HE LET ME LAY, WITH A BULLET IN MY LEG! LET ME LAY TO TAKE THE RAP WHILE HE GOT AWAY! I'VE BEEN WAITING SIX YEARS TO PAY HIM OFF!
YEAH, I SEE YOUR POINT, BUT THIS AIN'T THE PLACE FOR THAT STUFF! NOW THERE'S BLOOD ALL OVER THE RUG! SHIV, YOU AND MANNY GET RID OF MONK'S BODY-- IT MIGHT UPSET MARION!

THE LITTLE GUY IS MANNY CHECKHOV AND THE OTHER IS SHIV CASARRO!
HI!
HI-YA, JOHNNY! THIS STIFF'LL NEVER BE FOUND! GLAD YOU'RE WITH US, JOHNNY!
HELLO!

HI, KING! WHO'S THIS?
HELLO, MARION! MEET JOHNNY SANCHICO, A NEW MEMBER!
6

JUSTICE

WELL, WELL, NOT A BAD LOOKING GUY! WELCOME TO THE MOB, JOHNNY!

HERE, JOHNNY, HERE'S A COUPLE OF C NOTES TO HOLD YOU TILL OUR NEXT JOB! YOU CAN SCRAM NOW!

THANKS, KING!

WHAT A BABE THIS MARION IS! I COULD GO FOR THAT!

SO JOHNNY HIT THE BIG LEAGUE IN CRIME! OF COURSE AS YET, HE WAS ONLY A ROOKIE, BUT HE HAD PLANS...

THAT DAME MARION AN' ME COULD MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC! BUT SHE WOULDN'T GO FOR A CHEAP HOOD LIKE ME--I GOTTA GET INTO CAPIELLO'S CLASS FIRST!

HI, JOHNNY! ME AN SHIV TOOK CARE OF THAT LITTLE ITEM! YOU'RE NOT A GUY TO FOOL WITH, ARE YOU, JOHNNY? SAY, WHERE ARE YOU HEADIN' FOR?

I GOTTA GET MYSELF A ROOM

HEY, I GOT A ROOM WITH AN EXTRA BED—YOU'RE WELCOME TO BUNK WITH ME AS LONG AS YOU LIKE!

OKAY, MANNY, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A ROOMMATE! WHERE DO WE LIVE?

IN A CHEAP ROOMING HOUSE NOT FAR FROM KING CAPPIELLO'S ELABORATE APARTMENT HOUSE, JOHNNY MAKES HIMSELF AT HOME IN MANNY CHECK-HOV'S ROOM...

Y'KNOW, YOU'RE A TOUGH GUY, JOHNNY! A GUY LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ON TOP OF THE HEAP! A GUY LIKE YOU SHOULD HAVE ALL THE THINGS THAT A MAN LIKE--SAY, *KING CAPPIELLO* HAS!

YEAH *ALL* THE THINGS! WHAT HAS HE GOT THAT *I* AIN'T GOT?

THE IDEA WAS BORN AND NURTURED IN THE GUTTER-SLIME OF JOHNNY SANCHICO'S MIND, WITH THE HELP OF LITTLE MANNY...

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN, MANNY, IF I GOT THE IDEA TO TAKE OVER THIS MOB?

WHAT *COULD* HAPPEN, JOHNNY? YOU'RE A TOUGH GUY, JOHNNY--A BAD MAN WITH A GUN! ALL YOU'D HAVE TO DO IS MAKE IT *STICK!*

ONE EVENING A WEEK LATER, AT KING CAPPIELLO'S APARTMENT...

OKAY, GUYS, TONIGHT WE PULL A JOB! BUT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED THE *LAST* TIME, I AIN'T LEAVING ANYONE OUT OF MY SIGHT UNTIL AFTER THE DEAL WE ALL *STAY HERE TOGETHER, LEAVE* TOGETHER, AND PULL THE *JOB* TOGETHER!

SAY, KING, DO YOU MEAN YOU THINK *ONE* OF *US* IS A *STOOLIE?*

JUSTICE

I AIN'T MEANING *ANYTHING!* ALL I KNOW IS SOMEBODY TIPPED THE COPS THE LAST TIME AND I AIN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES! MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, BOYS, WE KNOCK OVER THE TRADESMAN'S BANK IN ABOUT AN HOUR!

WHO'S GOT A DECK OF CARDS!

AN HOUR LATER, THE KING CAPPIELLO GANG LEFT FOR THEIR RENDEZVOUS WITH CRIME!

YOU DRIVE, MANNY! THIS'LL BE A PUSHOVER, I'VE GOT THE WATCHMAN FIXED!

SO *THAT'S* THE WAY IT'S DONE!

SURE! BANKS ARE TOO TOUGH TO KNOCK OVER NOWADAYS UNLESS IT'S WORKED FROM THE INSIDE!

THE NIGHT IS MOONLESS AND DARK AS THE BLACK SEDAN PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE BANK!

KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING, MANNY, FOR A FAST GETAWAY! C'MON, GUYS! SHIV, BRING THE BLANKETS, I'VE GOT THE NITRO!

OKAY, BOSS!

WITH THE HELP OF THE NIGHT WATCHMAN, THE GANG IS SOON AT WORK INSIDE THE BANK! NITRO-GLYCERINE, A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE, IS PUT INTO STRATEGICALLY DRILLED HOLES IN THE VAULT!

OKAY, SHIV, PILE THE BLANKETS ON TO SMOTHER THE NOISE!

RIGHT, KING!

NOW I'LL LIGHT THIS FUSE! YOU BOYS GET BACK AND GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR!

WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

KING LIGHTS THE FUSE-- THE NITRO BLOWS THE DOOR OFF THE VAULT AND WE WITHDRAW OUR BANK BALANCE, *EASY, SEE?!*

BOOM!

THERE SHE GOES!

A NICE HAUL! HURRY IT UP, BOYS!

GOOD, HUH, KING? WHEN DO I GET MY SHARE, HUH? HEY, YOU BETTER TIE ME UP TO MAKE IT LOOK REAL!

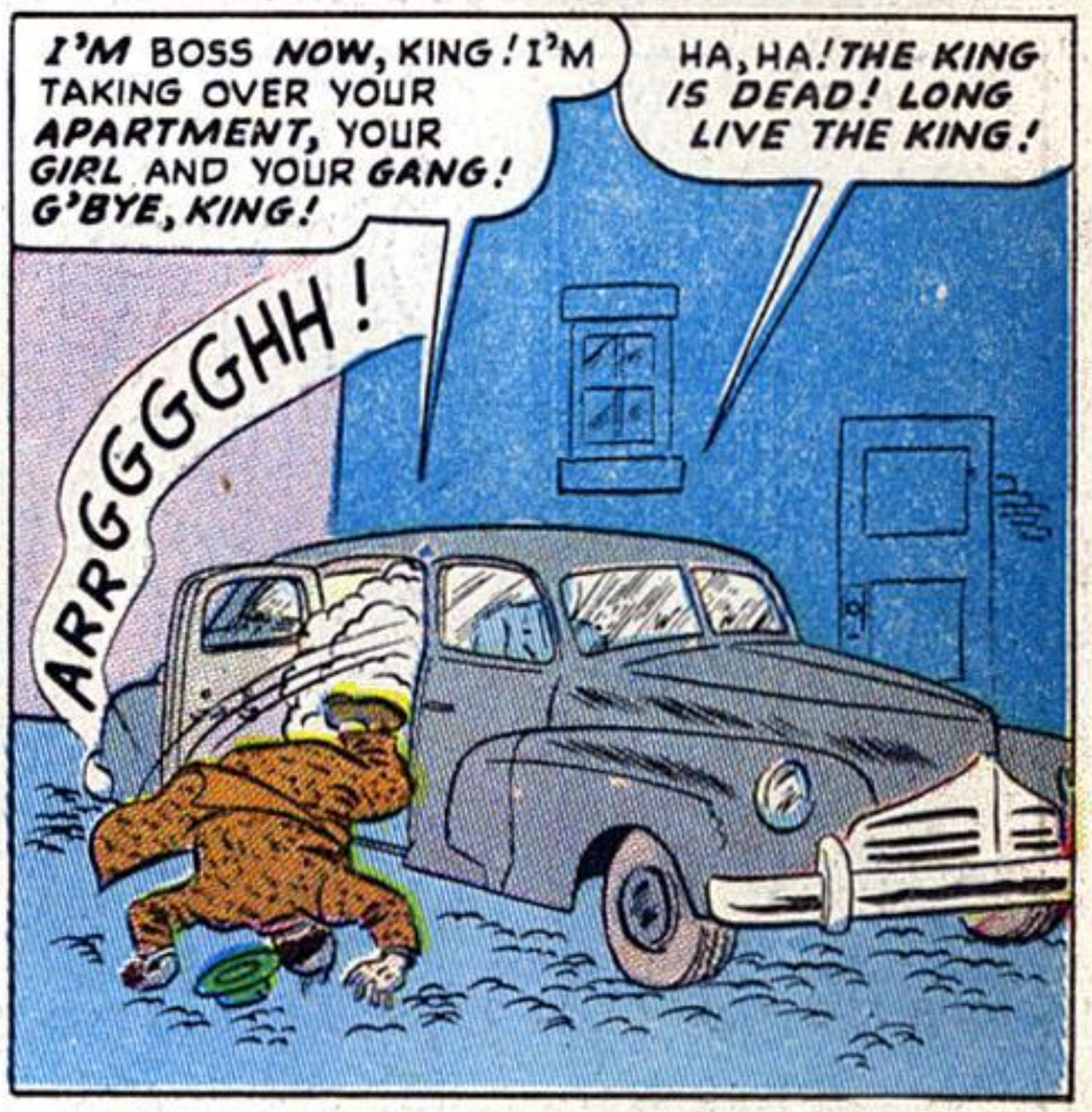
DON'T WORRY, POP--WE'LL MAKE IT *LOOK REAL!* HERE'S *YOUR* SHARE RIGHT *NOW*-- *IN SPADES!*

NO! I-- *ARRGGGHH!*

JUSTICE

THE USUAL--HALF FOR ME, THE REST SPLIT UP BETWEEN YOU THREE BOYS! NICE, EH, JOHNNY, FOR YOUR FIRST JOB WITH ME, HUH?
IT COULD BE BETTER! YEAH--MUCH BETTER! MANNY, PULL INTO THIS SIDE STREET HERE!
OKAY, JOHNNY! WHAT'S UP?

HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA? I GIVE ORDERS HERE-- ME, KING CAPPIELLO-- I'M THE BOSS! PUT THAT GUN DOWN, PUNK!
PUNK, HUH? THAT WAS YESTERDAY! LOOK, SEE THIS GUN, KING? THIS MAKES ME BOSS, TODAY!
I GOTCHA COVERED, SHIV! GO AHEAD, JOHNNY!


I'M BOSS NOW, KING! I'M TAKING OVER YOUR APARTMENT, YOUR GIRL AND YOUR GANG! G'BYE, KING!
HA, HA! THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!
ARRGGGGHH!

SO JOHNNY REALIZED HIS DREAM! HE BECAME HEAD OF HIS OWN MOB! POOR JOHNNY-- HE REALLY THOUGHT HE'D LIVE TO ENJOY IT!

GOT ANY OBJECTIONS, SHIV?
NOT ME-- HE WAS NO FRIEND OF MINE! MY KNIFE IS MY ONLY FRIEND, BESIDES, IT MEANS A BIGGER CUT FOR ME!
HE'S A SMART GUY, HUH, JOHNNY?

BUT I TELL YOU, JOHNNY, THE BOYS ARE GETTING NERVOUS JUST HANGING AROUND! IT'S TIME YOU FIGURED OUT A JOB FOR THEM!
RELAX, GORGEOUS! WE GOT PLENTY OF DOUGH, SO WHY WORRY?

JUSTICE

BUT THE BOYS GET INTO TROUBLE WHEN THEY'RE NOT WORKING! *KING* ALWAYS SAID--*OUCH!*

SHUT UP! KING THIS AND KING THAT! I'M BOSS OF THIS MOB NOW AND I'LL RUN IT *MY* WAY!

HEY, JOHNNY, I GOT A LINE ON AN EASY TOUCH THAT WILL PILE UP PLENTY!

SOUNDS GOOD, JOHNNY!

OKAY, SPILL IT, SHIV!

LISTEN, IT'S A PAYROLL JOB! A FRIEND OF MINE WORKS IN THE JEPSON STEEL FACTORY! THE ANNUAL BONUS IS BEING PASSED OUT TO THE EMPLOYEES TOMORROW WITH THEIR PAY! THIS JOB SHOULD NET ABOUT A HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS!

SOUNDS GOOD! WHAT'S THE DETAILS?

IT'S THIS WAY-- THERE'S A YOUNG GUY AND HIS WIFE AND A COMPANY COP IN THE PAYROLL OFFICE! MY FRIEND LIVES IN A ROOMING HOUSE WITH THREE OTHER GUYS WHO WORK THERE! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS...

I'LL GET THE CAR GASSED UP, JOHNNY!

THAT EVENING, AT A FEW MINUTES AFTER FIVE, THE DAYLIGHT SHIFT OF THE JEPSON STEEL FACTORY FILED OUT...

THERE'S MY FRIEND AND HIS CAR, FELLERS! *HI-YA, SHIV!*

HI-YA, JIM! HOP IN, FELLERS, I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME!

HEY! WHAT THE-- LEMME OUT OF-- *OW-W!*

SHUT UP! YOU GUYS JUST SIT TIGHT! WE AIN'T GONNA HURT YOU IF YOU BEHAVE -- WE JUST WANT TO BORROW YOUR COVERALLS AND BADGES!

AN HOUR LATER IN A DESERTED SHACK SEVERAL MILES OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE GUYS, LATER! IN CASE THINGS GO WRONG WE DON'T WANT THE MURDER OF THESE SUCKERS ON OUR HEADS!

SMART BOY, JOHNNY!

WE JUST GOT TIME TO GET BACK AND GO IN WITH THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT LIKE WE PLANNED!

YOU SAY THIS GUY AND HIS WIFE ARE WORKING TONIGHT TO GET THE PAY ENVELOPES FILLED?

YEAH, TOMORROW'S SATURDAY, A HALF DAY, AND THEY GIVE THE EMPLOYEES THEIR PAY ENVELOPES IN THE MORNING!

JUSTICE

JUST IN TIME! ONCE WE GET INSIDE WE'LL HEAD DIRECT FOR THE PAYROLL ROOM! WHEN WE GET THE DOUGH WE'LL SHOOT OUR WAY OUT--THEN WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE GUYS WE TOOK THESE UNIFORMS FROM, THEN HEAD FOR THE PACIFIC COAST!

SHOW YOUR IDENTIFICATION BADGES! OKAY! *NEXT!*

GUARD

THAT'S THE PAYROLL OFFICE OVER THERE TO THE LEFT!

TAKE IT EASY, DON'T WALK TOO FAST!

RIGHT, JOHNNY, WALK SLOW!

HEY! YOU GUYS AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE! WHAT DO YOU...?

SHUT UP, COPPER! YOU TWO--DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE OR YOU'LL DIE FAST!

LISTEN, SOMEBODY'S YELLIN' OUTSIDE!

JOHNNY SANCHICO, THIS IS THE *POLICE!* YOU'RE *SURROUNDED!* COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

C'MERE, SISTER! MANNY, YOU AND SHIV KEEP THESE OTHER TWO MONKEYS COVERED! I'LL SHOW THOSE LOUSY COPPERS--

NO YOU DON'T, FLATFOOT!

LEAVE THAT GIRL--

ARRRGGH!

TURN OUT THE LIGHTS, SHIV!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF MY WIFE, YOU--*OW-W-W!*

NO, RALPH, *DON'T!*

OH, RALPH!

LISTEN, YOU CRUMMY COPPERS! I GOT A GIRL HERE UNDER MY GUN! I'M WALKIN' OUT OF HERE USING HER FOR A SHIELD, AND THE *FIRST COPPER* THAT MAKES A MOVE, *SHE GETS IT*--BUT *GOOD!* D'YA *HEAR*, WISE GUYS?

DON'T MOVE, JOHNNY, I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

JUSTICE

YOU, MANNY! WHAT'S THE IDEA--HAVE YOU GONE NUTS? PUT DOWN THAT GUN!

SORRY, JOHNNY! REMEMBER WHAT YOU ALWAYS SAID--THE MAN WITH THE GUN IS THE BOSS! THAT'S ME--THIS TIME, JOHNNY!

I GET IT! YOU'RE THE STOOL PIGEON THAT TIPPED OFF THE COPS ON THOSE KING CAPPIELLO JOBS!

THAT'S RIGHT, JOHNNY! I HATE HOODLUMS, GANGSTERS, PUNKS LIKE YOU--AND YOU KNOW WHY, JOHNNY? BECAUSE SIX AND A HALF YEARS AGO MY FATHER WAS KILLED BY A GUTTER-PUNK--HIT OVER THE HEAD, AND HE DIED OF A FRACTURED SKULL!

I'VE HELPED THE COPS EVER SINCE! I CALLED THEM UP WHEN I WENT TO GET THE CAR GASSED! BUT THAT AIN'T ALL JOHNNY--I--OW-W-W!

GET HIM, SHIV!

EEEE-YOW!

NO, DON'T TURN AROUND, JOHNNY, I'M NOT THROUGH YET! I ALWAY'S HOPED, BUT NEVER BELIEVED WE'D MEET! MY NAME AIN'T CHERHOV, JOHNNY, IT'S LENNIGER! YEAH, I'M OLD MAN LENNIGER SON AN' YOU'RE THE ROTTEN STINKER THAT KILLED MY OLD MAN!

NOW WAIT, MANNY--WE'RE PALS, WE...

TAKE THAT, YOU--AAARRRGH!

G'BYE, JOHNNY--OHHH!

WELL, THAT'S THE END OF JOHNNY SANCHICO! HE DIDN'T STAY IN THE BIG-TIME VERY LONG, DID HE? BUT THEN, NONE OF 'EM EVER DO!

AND SO ENDED THE BLOOD-DRENCHED CAREER OF JOHNNY 'THE GUN' SANCHICO... ENDED THE WAY IT HAD BEGUN--IN VIOLENCE, TERROR, AND TRAGEDY! WHEN WILL ALL WOULD-BE GANGSTERS AND SMALL-TIME HOODS LEARN THAT A CAREER OF CRIME CAN END IN ONLY ONE WAY... BY A BULLET, HANGSMAN'S NOOSE, OR THE CHAIR!

THE END

MARVEL COMIC GROUP

A letter to our readers and their PARENTS!

HI, FRIENDS:

It has been reliably reported that in England, back in the 18th Century, book stores were called "slop shops of literature," simply because they sold novels. And that was the century in which some of our greatest classics were written; the century of Dafoe, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift and his *Gulliver's Travels*. It was also the century of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the brightest stars in the history of English literature. And it was Dr Johnson who most vociferously defended the right of booksellers to sell the new, much abused novels and the right of authors to express themselves in this medium if they desired.

But what Dr. Johnson defended most enthusiastically was the right of the public to *read what they wanted to read*. And what we are defending is the right of youngsters to read whichever they like of the many, many good, clean comics currently being published.

Just as the critics of the 18th Century rapped the books which are now classics, in the same way there are critics of today, screaming and tearing out their hair, because a new kind of magazine, still in its infancy, is not to their liking. And as in the case of the novel, it is still too early for any man to pass judgment on the comics.

Let these critics of today look to their history. Let them decide if they want to be remembered as the 20th Century counterpart of the people who called Robinson Crusoe "slop".

And let the people of America decide if they want to be swayed by critics exercising premature judgment . . . or if they want to wait and watch, and soon realize that most comic magazines are really good, clean, healthful and entertaining reading matter.

THE EDITORS,
MARVEL COMIC GROUP

P. S.—Remember: Dr. Jean Thompson, School Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau, New York City Board of Education, is now our Editorial Consultant. Dr. Thompson's professional examination of our magazines, as advisor to our staff, (see Page 1) is your guarantee that the Marvel Comic Group magazines are striving to bring you the very best in reading matter . . . and it is also your best argument that no one should ever take away your right to read these magazines.

RED UNIT

ALL WESTERN WINNERS
BLAZE CARSON
BLONDE PHANTOM
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CINDY
COMEDY COMICS
GEORGIE AND JUDY
HEDY DeVINE
HUMAN TORCH
JEANIE
JOKER COMICS
KID COLT
LANA
MARGIE
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
MILLIE THE MODEL
NELLIE THE NURSE
PATSY WALKER
SUB MARINER
TEEN COMICS
TESSIE THE TYPIST
TEX MORGAN
TEX TAYLOR
TWO GUN KID
WILD WESTERN
WILLIE

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

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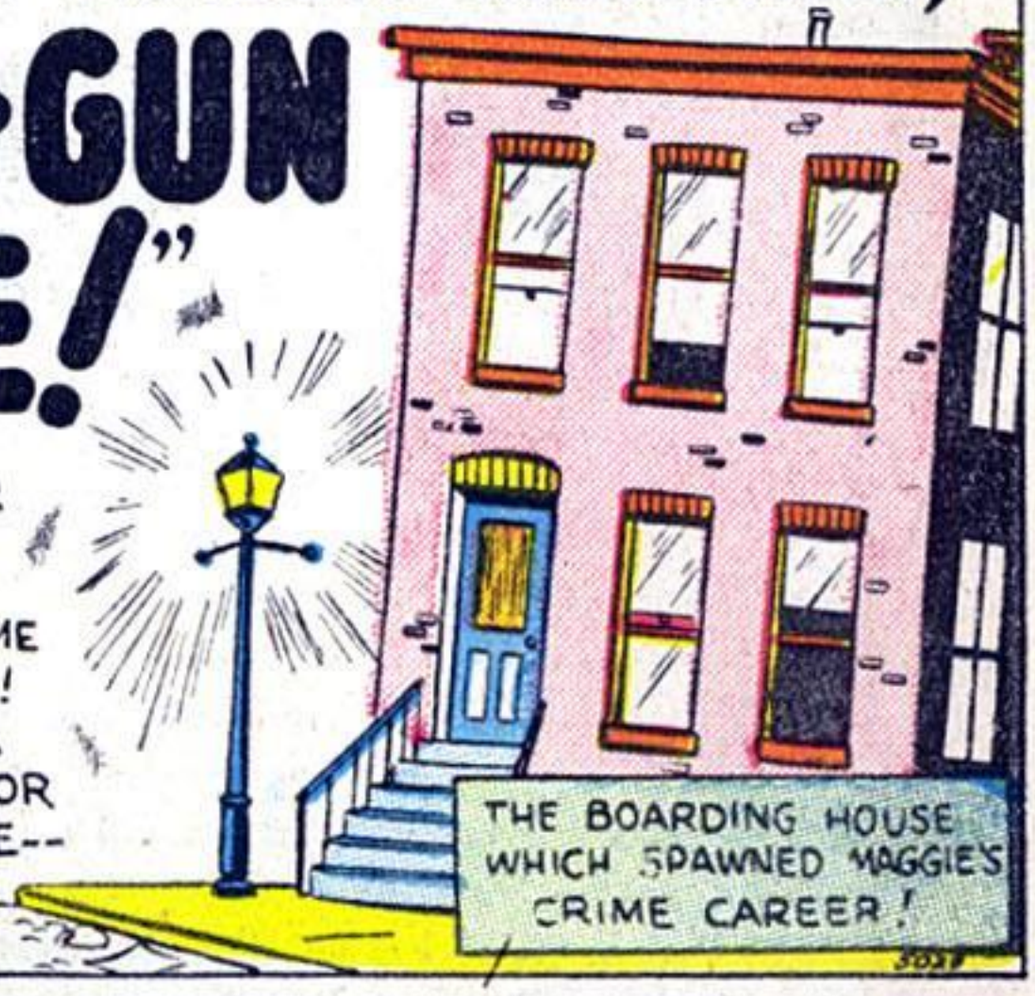
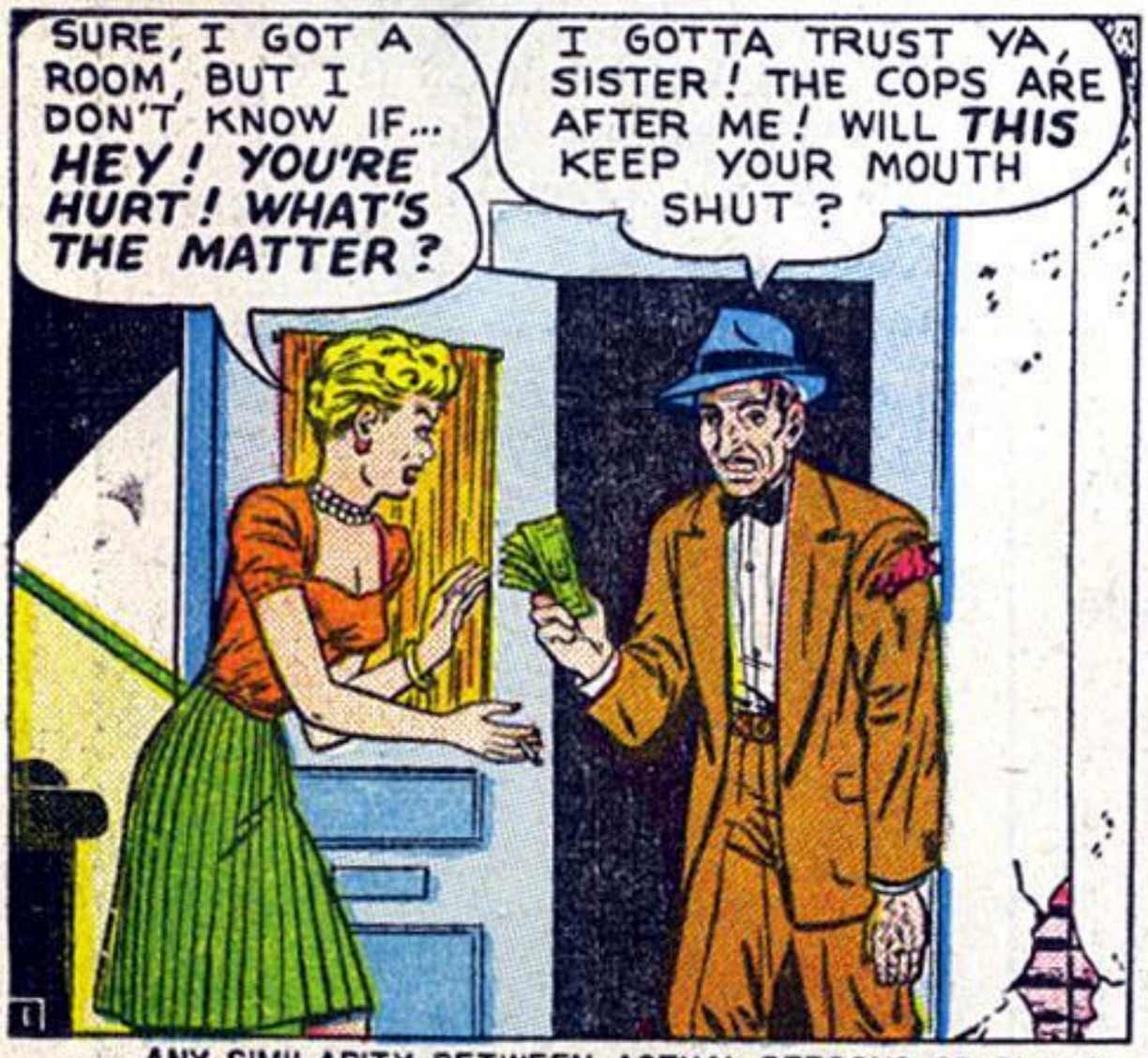
COMPLETE MYSTERY
CRIMEFIGHTERS ALWAYS WIN
FRANKIE AND LANA
GAY COMICS
IDEAL COMICS
JUNIOR MISS
JUSTICE COMICS
LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
MITZI'S BOY FRIEND
MY ROMANCE
OSCAR

THE SHORT SAVAGE CAREER OF MAGGIE MONOHAN, BOSTON'S-"MACHINE-GUN MAGGIE!"

MAYBE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF MACHINE-GUN MAGGIE! IF NOT, IT'S BECAUSE HER CRIME CAREER WAS SO SHORT! SHE FLARED UP LIKE A ROCKET IN BOSTON FOR A BRIEF, DEADLY WHILE-- AND THEN, LIKE A ROCKET--SHE DIED!



AS FAR AS WE ARE CONCERNED, THE LIFE OF MAGGIE MONOHAN BEGAN ON OCTOBER 16, 1929... FOR ON THAT DAY, A KNOCK CAME AT THE DOOR OF HER SHABBY BOARDING HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BOSTON, MASS...


SURE, I GOT A ROOM, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF... HEY! YOU'RE HURT! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I GOTTA TRUST YA, SISTER! THE COPS ARE AFTER ME! WILL THIS KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT?

WILL IT? BROTHER, I'LL PUT YA UP LIKE A DUKE! C'MON, MISTER, I AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR THE BULLS, EITHER! YOU'LL BE OKAY HERE!
YOU BET I WILL, SISTER!

SO A PARTNERSHIP WAS BORN AS MAGGIE MONOHAN GAVE SHELTER TO WOUNDED RINTY VOLDAN!

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

JUSTICE

RINTY VOLDAN WAS MAGGIE'S FIRST GANGSTER "GUEST"! IN SHORT ORDER THE WORD SPREAD AMONG THE UNDER-WORLD...

HEY, BO, IF YOU'RE ON THE LAM, GO ON OVER TO MAGGIE'S JOINT! SHE'LL PUT YA UP 'TIL THE HEAT'S OFF!

OKAY! THANKS FOR THE TIP!

IN TIME, A STEADY STREAM OF HOODLUMS, BIG AND SMALL, PASSED THROUGH HER LIFE...

THANKS, MAGGIE! HERE'S A LITTLE BONUS FOR YA!

A THOUSAND BUCKS! GOSH! THANK *YOU*, MR. MINELLI!

...AND THE POLICE FACED A PUZZLER!

EVERY TIME THAT A JOB IS PULLED, THE SUSPECTS VANISH!

AND THEY DON'T LEAVE THE CITY! WHAT'S THE GIMMICK, CHIEF?

THEY'VE GOT A NEW HIDE-OUT! SOMEBODY'S PUTTING THEM UP-- AND SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS HOW TO HIDE THEM... BUT GOOD!

... MUST BE SOMEBODY NEW, THEN! WE'VE GOT ALL THE KNOWN SPOTS COVERED BUT THEY'RE DEAD AS DOORNAILS!

RINTY VOLDAN, MAGGIE'S FIRST CONTACT WITH THE GANGS, WAS NOW HER PARTNER...

QUITE A TAKE, EH, MAGGIE? 15 G'S THIS WEEK!

YEAH, BUT I'M GETTING HUNGRY, RINTY! I WANT MORE DOUGH! I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOU YEGGS TALK AND I THINK I CAN PULL A JOB AS GOOD AS ANY OF YOU!

ARE YOU OFF YOUR NUT? YOU MEAN YOU WANT TO GO INTO THE STICK-UP RACKET? YOU GOT A GOOD THING HERE...WHY GO INTO SOMETHING YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT?

I KNOW PLENTY FROM LISTENING TO YOU GUYS...AND BESIDES, *YOU* CAN HELP ME!

LAY OFF, MAGGIE!

OH, YEAH? WELL *THIS* IS GONNA BRING ME *GOOD LUCK!*

A *MACHINE GUN!!*

RIGHT! AND FROM NOW ON, THAT'S ME--*MACHINE-GUN MAGGIE!*

THE LAW IN ACTION

JUSTICE

MAGGIE, DON'T DO... OH!

ARGUE WITH MACHINE-GUN MAGGIE, EH?

YOU BLONDE POLECAT!

DON'T BE A BABY! I DIDN'T HURT YOU! I WANT THOSE EASY PICKINGS, SEE, AND I'M GOING AFTER 'EM! GET YOUR ROD AND LET'S GO! I GOT A JOINT ALL CASED!

YOU'RE GOING... NOW?

YEAH... NOW! AND DON'T TELL ME I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! THIS'LL BE A TOP JOB! JUST FOLLOW MACHINE-GUN MAGGIE, KIDDO!

OKAY! OKAY! I SUPPOSE I'M A CHUMP—BUT I'LL DO IT!

THAT'S THE STUFF, RINTY! AND NOW... LET'S GET GOING!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, A CLOSED CAR PULLED UP TO THE BUSIEST PART OF TOWN...

WHERE IS THIS JOINT WE'RE GOING TO HEIST, MAG!

IT'S A SURPRISE, RINTY... AND IT'S MACHINE-GUN MAGGIE, REMEMBER?

GROCER

HOLY SMOKE! THE BANK! ARE YOU NUTS?

SHUT UP AND KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING! I'M GOING TO PULL A JOB THAT'LL MAKE THE COPS AND THE YEGGS SIT UP AND NOTICE MACHINE-GUN MAGGIE! I'LL BE SEEING YOU, RINTY!

BANK

COLDLY, AS IF SHE WERE OUT SHOPPING, MAGGIE MONOHAN WALKED INTO THE SMALL BANK, HER GUN IN A SMALL SUITCASE... WHILE RINTY WAITED, SHIVERING!

BANK

JUSTICE

HER SHEER AUDACITY CAUGHT THE BANK STAFF BY SURPRISE!

IT'S A STICK-UP! LIFT 'EM OR I'LL SPRAY YA WITH LEAD!

NO, YOU DON'T, BROTHER! GET AWAY FROM THAT ALARM AND HAND OVER THE DOUGH FAST — UNLESS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A FAST *FUNERAL!*

BUT OUTSIDE...

WELL, WELL! RINTY VOLDAN! HOW NICE TO SEE YOU! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!

COPPERS!

GET HIM, MIKE!

DON'T WORRY! I NAILED HIS TIRES!

IN A SECOND THE BUSY STREET WAS FILLED WITH PANIC AS THE GANGSTER'S CAR, OUT OF CONTROL, CRASHED INTO A HYDRANT!

LIKE A CORNERED WOLF, RINTY CAME OUT, GUNS BLAZING!

YOU DIRTY COPPERS! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME ALIVE!

BUT...

UGH! I TOLD HER! I TOLD-- UGH!

OKAY THEN, WE'LL GET YOU *DEAD!*

INSIDE THE BANK, MAGGIE HAD HEARD THE SHOTS!

IT'S RINTY! HE'S IN TROUBLE!

TELLER

JUSTICE

MIKE! LOOK AT THAT!

A DAME WITH A TOMMY-GUN.. HOLY COW!

OUT OF MY WAY, ALL OF YOU COPPERS! THIS IS MACHINE-GUN MAGGIE YOU'RE DEALING WITH!

WATCH IT, PETE!

HA! HA! THIS IS HOW THE HOODS TAUGHT ME HOW TO DEAL WITH YOU FLAT-FEET!

GOT ONE OF YOU! OKAY, PAL... YOU'RE NEXT!

CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH THIS ONE--SHE'S INSANE!

MIKE... I... I'M... HURT!

BUT MAGGIE'S LUCK HAD RUN OUT...

I'LL... OHHH!

THAT'S FOR PETE!

THAT'S THAT! HOW ABOUT YOU, PETE? OKAY?

YEAH! JUST MY SHOULDER! BUT WHO IS SHE?

CALLED HERSELF MACHINE-GUN MAGGIE! I NEVER HEARD OF HER!

ME NEITHER! JUST ANOTHER DUMB DAME TRYING TO BE A BIG-SHOT MOBSTER!.. BUT LOOK AT HOW SHE ENDED UP!

TODAY THE HOUSE WHICH SPAWNED THE CRIME CAREER OF MAGGIE MONOHAN IS A FUNERAL PARLOR ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BOSTON.. FATE HAS ITS LAST IRONIC LAUGH!

FUNERAL HOME

THE END

GOOD LUCK TO ME

THE little thing in the road attracted George Parks' attention because the moonlight glinted on it, making it sparkle. He stooped, picked it up. It was a small tie pin, a silvery bauble in the shape of a tiny horseshoe. It didn't look as if it were worth very much. Parks was wearing a neat stickpin of his own in his blue four-in-hand necktie. He was about to toss the bauble away when a thought occurred to him. A horseshoe for luck. That was the idea of the thing. He smiled grimly and fastened it into the bottom of his tie. "Good luck to me!" he murmured. And he added, "Especially tonight. I sure need it."

He did indeed. You need plenty of luck to commit murder and get away with it! And that was what George Parks had decided to do. He had persuaded himself it was a thing that had to be done. He was engaged to marry Babs Livingston. A sudden but minor operation had sent her to the hospital this afternoon, which left her grandfather at home alone. Babs would be rich when she was eighteen, in another month now. With her as his wife, Parks wouldn't have to worry about money. Why work and struggle for money when your wife has plenty? Little Babs was easy to handle. He had already borrowed a good deal of her jewelry on one pretext or another.

But the cursed old man was the stumbling block. He had come out into the open this afternoon. He'd been snooping into Parks' past, which Parks had to admit wasn't too savory. Now he threatened to tell Babs about it. And if that wouldn't stop her rushing into this marriage, then the old man had the power to keep her money from her! He'd do it—and all Parks would get would be a delicate young wife, penniless. "Go ahead and support her," Livingston had said.

But George Parks had different ideas! Simple enough, with Livingston dead! Babs would be doubly rich—the trust fund from her dead father and her inheritance from her grandfather as well!

The last of the village houses was behind Parks now as he followed the river road out of town. Then he saw the lights of the Livingston cottage, set alone in a grove of trees. Parks had been staying here for a week at Babs' invitation.

It was about eleven-thirty when Parks entered the front door of the cottage. Livingston's voice called from his nearby study, "That you, George?"

"Yes," Parks said. Queer how tense his voice sounded! *Don't get excited now! Take it easy! Just one stab of the knife! Don't let him scream!*

He opened the study door. The room was dim, with just one light that fell on the old man's scraggly hair, his thin bent figure. Livingston was an inventor of games and puzzles. He seemed to be working on one of them now. The table before him had a big wood-carving knife and other tools. Livingston was playing with some homemade gadget—a small, open-top cardboard box. One of his hands was under it, moving around, and he was chuckling as he peered down into the box.

Now! Just one stab into his heart! ... Parks' turgid thoughts were racing. But it was very easy! Maybe the absorbed old man never even noticed him casually picking up the knife! But then he saw the knife coming, and he tried to get out of his chair. The slash grazed his throat, and then Parks stabbed the blade into his chest and for an instant clung to the knife handle. The room was red and blurred to Parks as he staggered back and the thin old figure before him crumpled and fell. There was just a little thump, and old man Livingston was lying there on the floor with the knife blade buried in his heart . . .

The thing was finished! For a moment Parks stood panting, but then he steadied. Nothing to do now but wipe his fingerprints off that knife handle. He found a rag on the table. Carefully he bent down over the body. He mustn't get any blood on himself! He left the rag lying there. Then with a last look around, he went back out into the hall. The study door had a springlock which snapped as he closed it. Parks' hat was there in the hall; he had left nothing of his in the study. No one could possibly prove that he had been in there tonight! He was perfectly safe!

He sat at the hall telephone, calling the Oak Lane police, babbling out the terrible news that he had just come home and through the window could see that old Mr. Livingston was lying dead in his study, with a knife in his chest!

. . . . "Let's get this straight,"

the police sergeant said. "When you arrived, the study door was locked . . ."

"Yes," Parks said. "I could see there was a light inside. I pounded. Then I got worried, went outside, took a look in the window. I phoned you right away."

They had broken open the study door now. There was this Sergeant Johnson and about four of his men. And a finger-print man. He was very busy—much good it would do him! Parks was standing with Johnson at the door of the study. The body was still here; nobody had touched it, they were waiting for the coroner to arrive.

Everything was going fine for Parks! These policemen were theorizing that the killer must have been some visitor . . . a quarrel, perhaps over some business deal . . . the killer had hastily wiped his fingerprints off the knife handle and fled, with the study door locking as he closed it . . .

"I believe Mr. Livingston did mention something about a business visitor tonight," Parks said carefully. "But I don't know his name—not a thing about him." It was a neat touch, gave them somebody to try and find.

"Here's a little game or something," one of the policemen said. "Looks like Livingston had it in his hand when he fell."

Parks remembered that little cardboard box gadget. It was lying on the floor beside the body—gruesome little box now, with blood splattered on it.

Parks saw now that it was the crude model of a game. The inside of the box was drawn to look like a doll's house room. Three tiny metal figures lay in the box.

"Here're his notes on how to work it," the sergeant said.

On the floor they found a small length of metal, the size of half a lead pencil. "That's a bar magnet," the sergeant said as he read the notes. "I have the idea. Let me see how it works."

Parks joined them as the sergeant moved the magnet under the box and the little metal figures jumped erect, walked around inside the box, following the magnet underneath them.

"Say, that's nifty," Parks murmured.

"Sure is," the policeman agreed.

The sergeant was reading from the notes, *"There are four small metal figures. The object of the game . . ."*

Four tiny metal figures! But now there were only three! The policemen searched, but they couldn't find the fourth! Then they were whispering. Why should they whisper? And then Johnson's keen gaze seemed to be roving over Parks. A questing gaze. And suddenly he looked startled; his jaw dropped. He gasped, "Well, I'll be jiggered—there it is!"

His flashlight cylinder swung up, clung to the flaring bottom of Parks' four-in-hand necktie. A horseshoe for luck! That little horseshoe bauble which Parks had found in the road and hooked into the bottom of his tie—it was more than a horseshoe! And he remembered how he had stooped over the body with his necktie dangling down . . .

"We've got you!" the sergeant was saying. "No argument on that!"

Numbly Parks stared at the bottom of his tie, at the little horseshoe magnet he had fastened there. Accursed little bauble! Against it now, firmly clinging by the magic of magnetism, was the missing blood-stained metal figure!

THE END SL—2895

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of Justice Comics published Bimonthly at New York, N Y, for October 1, 1948.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert Solomon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Justice Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1 That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, Non-Pareil Publishing Corp., 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17 N. Y. Editor Stan Lee, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Managing Editor Martin Goodman, 366 Madison Avenue 17, N Y.; Business Manager, Robert Solomon, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N Y.

2. That the owner is (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.)

Non-Pareil Publishing Corp. 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N Y., David Goodman, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., Jerome A Perles, 366 Madison Avenue New York 17 N Y., Morris Siegel, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state.)

None

4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . . (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ROBERT SOLOMON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of September, 1948.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

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SEND NO MONEY! Just clip ad and mail with name, address, ring size and style Pay postman only $2.98 plus few cents postage on arrival Or send cash and we mail postpaid Wear for 5 days If not delighted, return for refund

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Quality plus—yet priced to beat all competition. All metal with adjustable focusing wheel and shoulder strap. Tubes extend for sharp, instant view of distant objects. SEND NO MONEY! Clip ad and mail. We'll ship C.O.D. Check here if you want handsome Carrying Case for only 50c extra. [ ]

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READ PATSY WALKER COMICS

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

STARRING DETECTIVE SKIP Mc COY

"MURDER IN MODEL ROW!"

WELCOME TO "MODEL ROW"! HERE ARE THREE NEW HOMES--THE BEGINNING OF A NEW COMMUNITY! SIGN UP NOW FOR FIRST PREFERENCE ON A NEW HOUSE!
"MODEL ROW" "HAPPY" HOLMES' HAPPY HOMES
NICE TALK, "HAPPY"! TAKE THEIR DOUGH LIKE YOU TOOK MINE-- AN' THEN KEEP STALLIN' 'EM OFF!
WHAT A SUCKER I WAS TO BUY THIS HOUSE! I'VE PAID MORE FOR REPAIRS THAN THE HOUSE IS WORTH!

MINUTES LATER, SKIP Mc COY ARRIVES AT THE SCENE...
HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT--SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD WHILE ASLEEP IN HIS BED!
YOU SAID YOU HEARD SHOTS?
YES, I HEARD TWO REPORTS!

JUSTICE

WHO LIVES IN THE THIRD HOUSE?

THE BELLMANS-- BUT THEY'RE AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END!

DID HOLMES HAVE ANY ENEMIES?

WELL, THERE'S JIM SPARTON, WHO GAVE HOLMES A $500 DEPOSIT ON AN UNBUILT HOME! HOLMES NEVER DID START BUILDING!

SPARTON IS BROUGHT TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

SURE, I HAD IT IN FOR HIM-- SO DID OTHERS-- BUT I WOULDN'T KILL HIM! HE WAS SECRETLY BEING INVESTIGATED BY THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE!

WHAT'S THIS? -- A PAMPHLET--"BUY A BETTER HOME IN MODEL ROW"!

HMMM!

MIND IF I LOOK AT YOUR HOUSE, WATKINS?

SECONDS LATER IN BILL WATKINS' HOUSE...

WHAT DO YOU MEN WANT WITH ME?

WATKINS, WE'RE GOING DOWNTOWN-- *YOU MURDERED "HAPPY" HOLMES! TAKE HIM, CHIEF!*

SOMETIME LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..

HOLMES WAS A FAKE! HE BUILT HIMSELF A STURDY HOUSE -- THE OTHER TWO WERE SLOWLY ROTTING! IF I ONLY KNEW THAT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WAS ON HIS TRAIL--I-I

BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW I SHOT HIM?

ALL THREE HOUSES WERE IDENTICAL INSIDE AND OUT! YOU THOUGHT HOLMES' BEDROOM WAS ARRANGED THE SAME AS YOURS, SO WHEN YOU FIRED INTO HOLMES' DARKENED ROOM, THE GUN FLASH TOLD YOU HIS BED WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM! YOU THEN FIRED AGAIN -- THIS TIME WITH SUCCESS!

2

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

$100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES

WILLIE CORBIN

With aliases: "Bullet", "Bully"

DESCRIPTION

Age, 43, born March 9, 1905, Greenville, Mississippi; Height, 5'6"; Weight, 125 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black; Complexion, dark brown; Build, medium; Race, Negro; Nationality, American; Occupation, farm laborer; Distinguishing characteristic, noticeable limp in left leg.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

CRIMINAL RECORD

A complaint was filed before a United States Commissioner at Clarksdale, Mississippi, April 12, 1945, charging Willie Corbin with violation of Section 408e, Title 18, United States Code, in that he fled from the State of Mississippi to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder.

Fingerprint Classification: (none available)

JOSE VILLA

With aliases: Joe Bella, Villa Joe, Francisco Martinez, Franck Martello, Jose Melise, Frank Martello

DESCRIPTION

Age, 49, born July 2, 1899, Mexico; Height, 5'4½"; Weight, 142 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black; Complexion, olive; Build, medium; Nationality, Mexican; Occupations, wood worker, carpenter, painter; Scars and marks, tip of left ring finger scarred and clipped, scar in left eyebrow, dent scar on jaw.

ESCAPED FEDERAL PRISONER

CRIMINAL RECORD

Joe Villa has been arrested on numerous occasions on charges which include petty larceny, shoplifting, assault burglary, and desertion. Villa was sentenced by the Federal District Court, Corpus Christi, Texas, on April 25, 1938, to serve two years in a penal institution for violation of the United States Immigration Laws (illegal entry). He was committed to the United States Detention Farm at La Luna, Texas, on August 4, 1938, and was transferred to Federal Prison Camp No. 10, Tucson, Arizona, from which institution he escaped on August 23, 1938.

Fingerprint Classification: $\frac{21\ L\ 17\ W\ 001}{M\ 1\ T\ 01}$

Ref: $\frac{17\ W}{2\ R}$

WARREN WAYNE KILTZ

With aliases: Jerald Kelso, Gerald Wayne Kelsow, Bradford James Regan

DESCRIPTION

Age, 41, born December 12, 1906, Elgin, Illinois; Height, 5'11"; Weight, 200 pounds; Eyes, blue; Hair, light brown; Complexion, light; Build, stocky; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, finished 7th grade; Occupations, carpenter; cabinet maker, painter, interior decorator, gardener; Scars and marks, left index finger amputated, left middle finger amputated, nail on left little finger deformed, mole below left eyebrow; Peculiarities, fond of music, plays drums, very dressy, fond of horse shows and rodeos.

VIOLATOR SELECTIVE SERVICE

CRIMINAL RECORD

Warren Wayne Kiltz was arrested in Rockford, Illinois, for larceny; in Wichita, Kansas, for forgery, and once at Salem, Oregon, for forgery. In each instance he was convicted. An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Portland, Oregon, on January 20, 1944, charging the subject with a violation of the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, in that he failed to report for induction on or about December 6, 1943, as ordered by Multnomah County Local Draft Board No. 4 at Portland, Oregon.

Fingerprint Classification: $\frac{\cdot 0\ 31\ W\ OOM\ AMP}{0\ 32\ W\ OOI\ 12}$

EVERETT RAND

THE SHAME OF SAN FRANCISCO!

HIS PARTNER STEPPED ALL OVER HIM IN BUSINESS..

HE NEVER FOUND A GIRL OF HIS OWN..

AND WHEN HE TURNED TO CRIME...HE FOLLOWED THE USUAL PATTERN...!

4512

BASED ON A TRUE STORY!

SOMETIMES WEAKNESS CAN BE AS BAD AS EVIL... ESPECIALLY WHEN WEAKNESS IS NURTURED BY JEALOUSY, GREED AND ENVY! EVERETT RAND WAS WEAK - BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP HIM FROM ATTEMPTING THE MOST DEADLY CRIME OF ALL!

ON DECEMBER 25, 1937, A MAN HANGED HIMSELF IN HIS CELL AT SING SING! THE MAN'S NAME WAS EVERETT RAND, AND BENEATH HIS HANGING BODY, A LETTER LAY ON THE FLOOR OF HIS CELL!

IT'S *RAND, DOCTOR!*

CUT HIM DOWN! *HURRY UP!*

HE'S DEAD! A FINE TIME TO HANG HIMSELF--ON *CHRISTMAS!*

HE GOT THIS LETTER TODAY! MAYBE *THIS* IS WHAT MADE HIM DO IT!

YES, THIS LETTER WHICH NOW IS IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT FILES, CREATED IN EVERETT RAND'S SICK MIND, THE LAST LITTLE NUDGE NEEDED TO CATAPULT HIM INTO ETERNITY! LET'S GO BACK A FEW MONTHS--BACK TO THE BEGINNING--BACK TO...

...A HUMID DAY IN JULY--JULY 23, 1937, TO BE EXACT--EVERETT RAND SOUGHT WITH DIFFICULTY TO CONTROL HIS ANGER AS HIS PARTNER, JOHN LORDING, HEAPED PRAISE UPON HIMSELF AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE LORDING-RAND COMPANY!

...AND OF COURSE, GENTLEMEN, I ACCEPT AS FACT, THAT WITHOUT MY GUIDING INSTINCT THIS COMPANY WOULD TODAY BE BUT A SHOESTRING ORGANIZATION! WITHOUT ME...

HMPH! NEVER A *WORD* ABOUT *ME*-- ALWAYS LORDING THIS--LORDING THAT!

BUT A HYPOCRITE AT HEART, RAND SUBDUED HIS MENTAL SCORN AND HEAPED VERBAL PRAISE ON LORDING AT THE BANQUENT'S END...

WONDERFUL SPEECH, JOHN! YOU HAD THEM APPLAUDING FOR TEN MINUTES!

OF COURSE! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THAT CROWD OF *NINCOMPOOPS!*

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

JUSTICE

ER--YES! BY THE WAY, YOU'RE LEAVING THIS TUESDAY FOR JAPAN?

YES, MY CLIPPER RESERVATION CAME IN YESTERDAY! BEFORE I GO, EVERETT, I WANT TO TAKE UP THAT OPTION CLAUSE OF OUR PARTNERSHIP!

I'M GOING TO BUY YOU OUT! MY OFFER IS $25,000 FOR YOUR 48 PERCENT!

WHAT? $25,000! DON'T BE *ABSURD!*

I WON'T SELL! YOU *CAN'T MAKE* ME!

YES, I CAN! LEGALLY AND WITHOUT FORCE! HERE, REFRESH YOUR TIRED MEMORY! READ THIS CONTRACT AGAIN!

PARTNERSHIP
Contract
LORDING & RAND CO.

AND IT IS HEREBY AGREED THAT THE PARTY OF THE FIRST PART, KNOWN AS JOHN LORDING, RETAINS OPTION UNTIL THREE YEARS AFTER DATE OF THIS CONTRACT TO BUY OUT FROM THE PARTY OF THE SECOND PART, KNOWN AS EVERETT RAND, OR HIS HEIRS, THE REMAINING CONTROL OF THE CORPORATION THE AGREED SUM NOT TO EXCEED $25,000.00

JOHN SHMOLE
ATTORNEY AT LAW

BUT IT WAS MY CHINA CONTACTS WITH THE SUN SUN COMPANY WHICH *MADE* THE CORPORATION! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, JOHN! YUNATO WILL *NOT TOLERATE* IT!

BAH! YUNATO HAS NO SAY IN THIS MATTER! ANYWAY, I'M HALTING HIS IMPORTS -- I'VE FOUND ANOTHER JAPANESE CONCERN FAR *CHEAPER* THAN THE YUNATO COMPANY! *HE'S OUT!*

IN THE DAYS FOLLOWING...

TREACHEROUS DOUBLE-CROSSER! HAD I ONLY KNOWN WHAT WAS TAKING PLACE IN HIS FOUL MIND--BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW...THE RAT'S LEAVING FOR JAPAN!

WAIT! LORDING CAN'T BUY ME OUT UNTIL HE RETURNS FROM JAPAN! THAT GIVES ME *FORTY DAYS*--AND IN FORTY DAYS--*HA!* MUCH CAN HAPPEN! LET'S SEE--LORDING ARRIVES IN SAN FRANCISCO TOMORROW NOON--HMM-M!

JUSTICE

THE NEXT DAY IN HIS HOTEL ROOM IN SAN FRANCISCO, JOHN LORDING WEARILY ANSWERED THE URGENT RAPPING ON HIS DOOR.!

I'VE GOT A DAY TO LAY OVER IN 'FRISCO BEFORE MY PLANE TAKES OFF--NOW WHO COULD *THAT* BE?

KNOCK! KNOCK!

TELEGRAM FOR JOHN LORDING!

THAT'S ME--THANKS!

EVERETT COMING HERE! WHAT! A FINE TIME FOR THIS TO HAPPEN! I CAN'T EVEN TURN MY BACK FOR A MINUTE BEFORE EVERY-THING GETS JAMMED UP!

NOW I'LL HAVE TO WAIT HERE FOR EVERETT'S ARRIVAL! MEANWHILE I'D BETTER CALL THE AIRPORT AND HAVE THEM HOLD MY RESERVATION UNTIL THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT!

AND AT THE AIRPORT THE HAND OF FATE TOOK A GRIP ON THE DESTINY OF EVERETT RAND! YES, THIS TEARFUL WOMAN WATCHING THE AIRLINE'S TICKET AGENT WAS ABOUT TO ENTER THE CRIMINAL PATTERN..

OF COURSE, MR. LORDING! WE'LL DO THAT--YES, GOOD-BYE!

(SNIFF!) (SNIFF!)

RESERVATIONS

OH, MRS. LACROTE. THERE IS THE POSSIBILITY OF A CANCELLATION ON TOMORROW'S FLIGHT! WE CAN'T SAY FOR SURE YET...

(SNIFF!) OH, IT WOULD BE *WONDERFUL!* THINK OF IT--I'LL SEE MY HUSBAND IN TOKYO AGAIN! PLEASE, COULD I SPEAK TO THE PERSON WHO HOLDS THE FLIGHT RESERVATION?

I CAN'T SEE ANY HARM IN IT--HE'S JOHN LORDING, EMPRESS HOTEL!

THANK YOU! I'LL GO RIGHT OVER THERE--I'M *SURE* HE'LL UNDERSTAND!

JUSTICE

A LITTLE LATER...

BUT WHY HASN'T THE STATE DEPARTMENT PROVIDED YOU WITH TRANSPORTATION TO VISIT YOUR HUSBAND?

THEY CLAIM THE SPACE HAS BEEN TAKEN UP FOR OFFICIALS-- *YOUR* CANCELLATION IS MY *ONLY HOPE!*

I SEE! WELL, DROP BY TOMORROW MORNING ABOUT TEN--I'LL GIVE YOU A DEFINITE ANSWER THEN! MEANWHILE, DON'T HOLD ANY HIGH HOPES!

THANK YOU, MR. LORDING, I'D BE *TERRIBLY* GRATEFUL!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT...

THIS IS PERFECT! NO ONE KNOWS I'M HERE BUT LORDING! NOW TO SEE HIM AT HIS HOTEL!

HELLO, EVERETT! NOW TELL ME ALL ABOUT THOSE CANCELLATIONS ON OUR SHIPMENTS! IT STRIKES ME AS YOUR SPITEFUL DOINGS!

JUST A MINUTE, JOHN! THERE *WERE* NO CANCELLATIONS! IN FACT, THE ORDERS HAVE BEEN *INCREASED!*

WHAT? IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A *JOKE?*

NO, JOHN! I HAD TO DO *SOMETHING* TO KEEP YOU HERE LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT BUYING ME OUT!

YOU *IDIOT!* I ALWAYS *KNEW* YOU TO BE INCOMPETENT! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!

I-I GAVE YOU YOUR *CHANCE,* JOHN!

JOHN LORDING LOOKED ON IN HELPLESS HORROR AS HIS ANGRY PARTNER BROUGHT OUT A SLIM KNIFE--AND BEFORE LORDING COULD SCREAM A PROTEST, THE BLADE DESCENDED IN A DEATH ARC!

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T TAKE IT!

ARGH-H!

JUSTICE

WITH NO VISIBLE REMORSE OVER THE GRISLY ACT JUST COMMITTED, EVERETT RAND DRAGGED THE BODY OF HIS VICTIM ACROSS THE ROOM...

I'LL PUT HIM IN THE SHOWER STALL! THE MAID WON'T BE IN TILL ELEVEN--BY THEN I'LL BE ON A PLANE BOUND FOR NEW YORK!

THERE! NOW TO--ULP! THE PHONE!

R-R-R-I-N-G!

NO! I MUSTN'T ANSWER IT! BUT THEN SUPPOSE IT'S SOMEONE JOHN TOLD I WAS COMING HERE? I MUST FIND OUT--I *MUST!*

NO--NO--THEY'D BECOME SUSPICIOUS! I'LL WAIT, THEN THEY'LL THINK LORDING IS STILL SLEEPING!

BUT, AFTER SEVERAL TENSION-FILLED MOMENTS...

PLEASE, MADAM! NO...

I *MUST* SEE MR. LORDING! OH---

IT'S *MY* FAULT, SIR! I SHOULD'VE RESTRAINED HER, BUT SHE'S SO *INSISTENT!*

PLEASE, WHERE IS MR. LORDING? I'VE GOT TO SPEAK TO HIM ABOUT THE CANCELLATION!

EVERETT RAND USED THE WOMAN'S STATEMENT AS A SUPPORTING CRUTCH...

OH, MR. LORDING LEFT TEN MINUTES AGO TO CATCH THE PLANE! I JUST CAME UP TO BRING HIM A FEW OF HIS BUSINESS PAPERS!

THAT'S ODD! HE DIDN'T PAY HIS *HOTEL BILL!*

JUSTICE

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! I WAS TO SETTLE IT FOR HIM--SHALL WE GO DOWN TO THE DESK NOW?

YES, AS YOU WISH!

COME, MADAM, YOU'VE CREATED *ENOUGH* OF A DISTURBANCE!

(SNIFF!) AND HE SAID HE'D WAIT UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK! OH--*LOOK!*

MR. LORDING FORGOT HIS PLANE TICKET!

GOOD GRIEF! I'D BETTER HOP OVER TO THE AIRPORT WITH IT!

NO! NO! EVERETT—YOU—YOU—*CAN'T GO!*

GOOD HEAVENS!

EVERETT RAND STOOD PETRIFIED AS THE NEARLY-DEAD LORDING CLUMSILY STAGGERED OUT OF HIS CLOSET-LIKE COFFIN!

MR. LORDING!

NO! NO! I KILLED HIM! I KILLED HIM!

THE WOULD-BE MURDERER WAS CONVICTED AND FOUND GUILTY AND SENTENCED TO TWENTY YEARS IN SING SING!

WHO, *HIM?* THAT'S "MEEKY" RAND! CAME IN ABOUT A WEEK AGO--JUST HANGS AROUND TH' WALL THINKIN'! KINDA SICKLY, HE IS!

IMAGINE GIVIN' A GUY LIKE THAT TWENTY YEARS! *ONE* YEAR IS A LIFE SENTENCE FER *HIM!*

6

THEN ON DECEMBER 25, 1937, CHRISTMAS DAY, A LETTER CAME FROM JOHN LORDING, A LETTER THAT ADDED THE LAST DROP WHICH CAUSED EVERETT RAND'S CUP OF BITTERNESS TO OVERFLOW!

"SO EVERETT, AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, I AM DEPOSITING $25,000 AS YOUR SHARE OF THE BUSINESS--TO BE HELD IN TRUST UNTIL YOUR RELEASE! OF COURSE WE KNOW THAT AT YOUR AGE AND WITH YOUR POOR HEALTH YOU WILL NEVER LIVE TO WITHDRAW IT---"

THE REST OF THIS STORY YOU ALREADY KNOW! ON DECEMBER 26TH, 1937, EVERETT RAND WAS JUST A NUMBER IN THE CITY MORGUE! ANOTHER POOR FOOL WHO LEARNED TOO LATE--
NOBODY PROFITS BY MURDER!

THE END

Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam baths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time in your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a money-back guarantee.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. 101
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

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NEW Sensational Child's Portable RADIO

BUILT INTO A PHONE

DIALS FAVORITE PROGRAMS

a DA-MYCO product

NOT A TOY

But a Real

CHILD'S RADIO

Complete with

MAGIC AERIAL

at No Extra Cost

Your Favorite Programs Come to You Through the Receiver!

Yes, here at last is a modern, streamlined CHILD'S RADIO which brings in your favorite radio programs—like magic. Imagine, you can actually hear broadcasts coming from stations 100 miles away! Just turn the dial to your favorite program and PRESTO it's there—clear, and with plenty of volume. It's the radio sensation of the year!! Uses tube and batteries no larger than your finger. Easy to replace—inexpensive, too. Has many features found only in very expensive sets. Limited supply at the sensationally low introductory price of only $4.98 plus $1.00 for batteries. Order YOURS today. YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID!

Check These New Exciting Features

- PRIVATE earphone prevents disturbing others.
- Picks up stations within 100 miles.
- Automatic ON and OFF switch.
- Broadcast reception 540 to 1600 kilocycles.
- Patented compression-type condenser.
- New powerhouse batteries (extra long life—replaceable.)
- Highly selective tuning dial.
- Built into special streamlined plastic case that looks like a miniature telephone.

Factory Guaranteed

Every Radio-Phone carries a written factory guarantee against defects in material or workmanship. Satisfaction guaranteed when used as directed.

only

$4.98

COMPLETE

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EXTRA!

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If you will RUSH your order today, you will receive FREE of extra cost the amazing, new MAGIC AERIAL which will make your Radio-Phone do wonders for you.

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NOT A CRYSTAL SET, BUT A GENUINE PORTABLE CHILD'S RADIO!

TUNE IN RANGER
Gets Buck Rogers . . .
Brings in the "Shadow"

This is a real battery radio which tunes in stations at the "twist of the dial." Powerful for its size—clear as a bell. Precision built. A complete one tube radio built into a miniature plastic telephone. A PERSONAL radio for every child to enjoy.

SEND NO MONEY!

Simply fill in name and address on coupon—then mail. On arrival of Radio-Phone pay postman only $4.98 and $1.00 for batteries, plus C. O. D. postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back if returned postpaid (untampered with) in 10 days time. Save money by sending cash with order. Then, we pay postage. Rush order TODAY while present limited supply lasts.

American Merchandising Co., Dept. RT-14

9 Madison Avenue Montgomery 4, Alabama

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. RT-14
9 Madison Ave., Montgomery 4, Alabama

Please rush my 1 tube CHILD'S PORTABLE Radio-Phone with batteries. On arrival, I will pay postman $4.98 and $1.00 for batteries (total $5.98) plus C. O. D. postage. If I'm not delighted I can return postpaid and untampered with for my money back within 10 days time.

( ) Send C. O. D. ( ) Enclosed please find cash, send prepaid

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

IF YOU CAN WHISTLE— or HUM A TUNE—

"HOPPY" WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY THIS *METAL*

HARMONICA

In 15 Minutes — Or Money Back

WITH TRUE TONE METAL REEDS

ONLY **$1.69**

SENT ON SEVEN DAY APPROVAL

Learn to play in a day or it costs you nothing! We make this daring offer to every man or woman, boy or girl who enjoys music and who would like to play the harmonica. Now, for the first time, you can get a nationally advertised, genuine metal professional harmonica, and receive as a gift Hoppy's new method for playing it. Along with the music *and the words* to 200 of your favorite songs — songs that were selected so that you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio program or records. Expert harmonica players will tell you that the best harmonicas are the easiest ones to play. The harmonica you receive in this amazing offer is the full size metal professional model of the very finest quality. It comes in the Key of C so that you can accompany any other music. Each metal reed is individually tuned and tested. *You cannot buy a harmonica with finer workmanship, no matter how much you pay.* Hoppy's new discovery for showing you how to play makes it as simple as ABC and it's lots of fun. *Anyone who can whistle or hum a tune — and count up to ten can learn so quickly that it is unbelievable!* Most people say that this amazing method itself is worth the $1.69 price of the harmonica! Order your harmonica now while this introductory offer is being made. Remember, Hoppy *guarantees* that you will soon be playing song hits of all kinds or your money back!

GOSH, JEAN, THAT'S A SWELL HARMONICA, AND YOU SURE CAN PLAY IT. I WISH I COULD!
IT'S EASY TO PLAY, AND YOU GET THIS FINE, FULL SIZE HARMONICA, HOPPY'S NEW METHOD OF INSTRUCTION, AND WORDS AND MUSIC OF 200 SONGS, — ALL FOR ONLY $1.69
Hoppy's
ONLY $1.69 FOR ALL THAT? BOY, I'M SURE GOING TO SEND FOR IT RIGHT AWAY!

IN THIS

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER

You get all this for only $1.69!

- **Nationally Advertised Harmonica with True Tone Metal Reeds**
- **Hoppy's New Method of Instruction for Harmonica**
- **Words and Music of 200 Songs Chosen for Radio Popularity**

SEND NO MONEY—ORDER TODAY

Just send your name and address on penny postcard. Your beautiful Key of C professional metal Harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Book of Instructions and 200 Songs will be mailed at once. On arrival, pay postman just $1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. Keep for 7 days on free trial offer. If you are not satisfied, return and your money will be refunded at once. Supplies are limited. Don't risk disappointment. Order now—TODAY!

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Rush my genuine Key of C Professional Metal Harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Book of Instructions along with the music and words of 200 songs to me at once. On arrival I will deposit just $1.69 plus postage. If in 7 days I am not thrilled and delighted I may return purchase for my money back.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, plus $1.50 extra.

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Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order.

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Full-size ball with steel goal and net. Sell one order of seeds plus $1.25 extra

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Get this 16 MM Excel Projector, including 50 ft. of Cowboy film. Sell one order plus $3.50 extra.

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Full mirror in lid; strong lock & key. Sell one order plus $1.50 extra.

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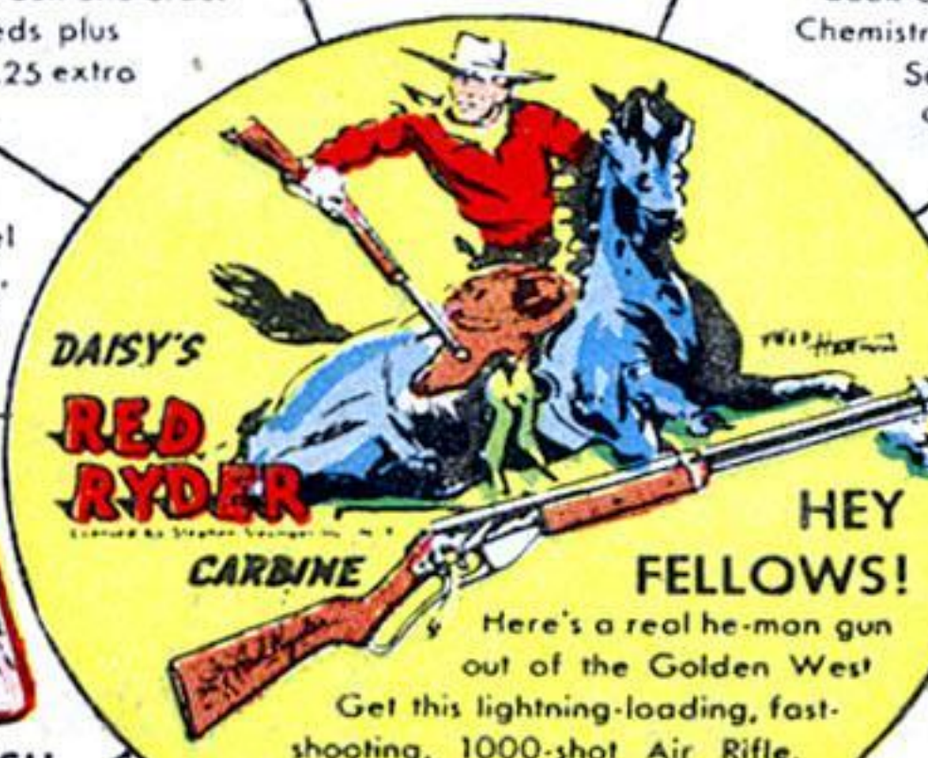
Official Size set. Cap, Softball and bat. Sell one order of American Seeds.

Dresser Set

Full size Comb, Brush and Mirror, beautifully decorated. Sell one order of seeds.



HEY FELLOWS!

Here's a real he-man gun out of the Golden West Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order of American Seeds, plus $2.00 extra.

Campfire Ukulele

Full size. Decorated with Western scene. Clear mellow tone. Sell only one order.

POCKET WATCH

Standard size, American-made, with leather Fob. Sell one order.

Famous Texan Jr.

All Metal Cap Pistol with genuine leather Holster and Jeweled Belt. Sell one order of American Seeds.

FISHING TACKLE SET

Big 11 piece fishing outfit in metal case. Sell one order plus 75c extra.

SWEETHEART DOLL

Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell one order of American Seeds.

DICK TRACY CAMERA

Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film, carrying case included. Sell one order of seeds.

TWO TELEPHONES

for person-to-person calls, between houses; or from floor to floor. Runs on 4 Flashlight batteries, included. Sell one order of seeds plus $2.00.

MORE PRIZES shown in our Big Prize Sheet

Pen and Pencil Set
Electric Phonograph
Flash Camera Outfit
Boxing Gloves
Jewelry and Clocks
Kitchen Utensils
Croquet Set
Sports Equipment
Jeweled Watches
Dishes & Silverware
Tool Set

OUR 31st YEAR

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for Big Prize Book and seeds. SEND NO MONEY -- WE TRUST YOU

No goods sent outside U. S. A.

American Seed Co., Inc. Dept. 802, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.,
DEPT. 802 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

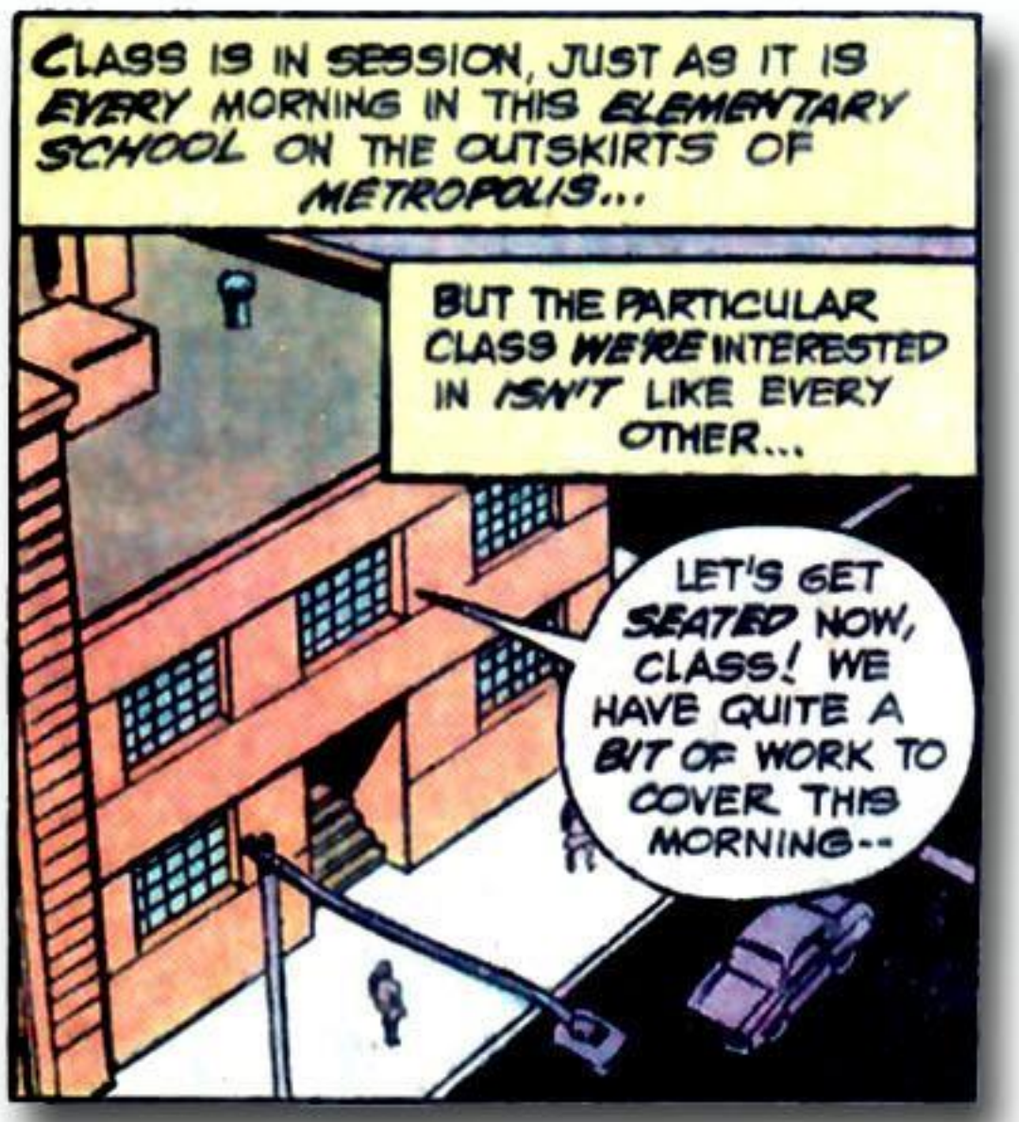
Name _____

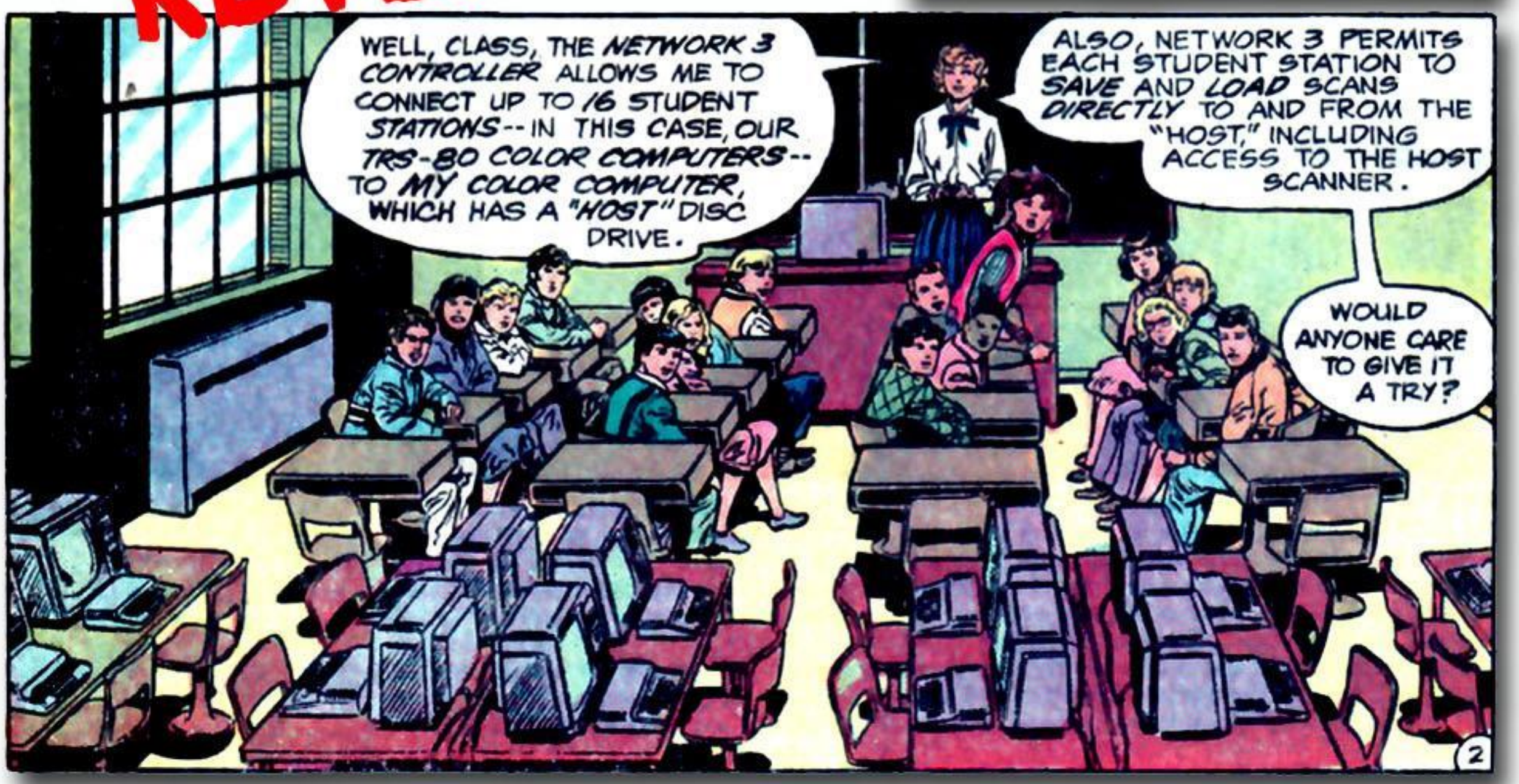
R F.D. Box
or Street No _____

City _____

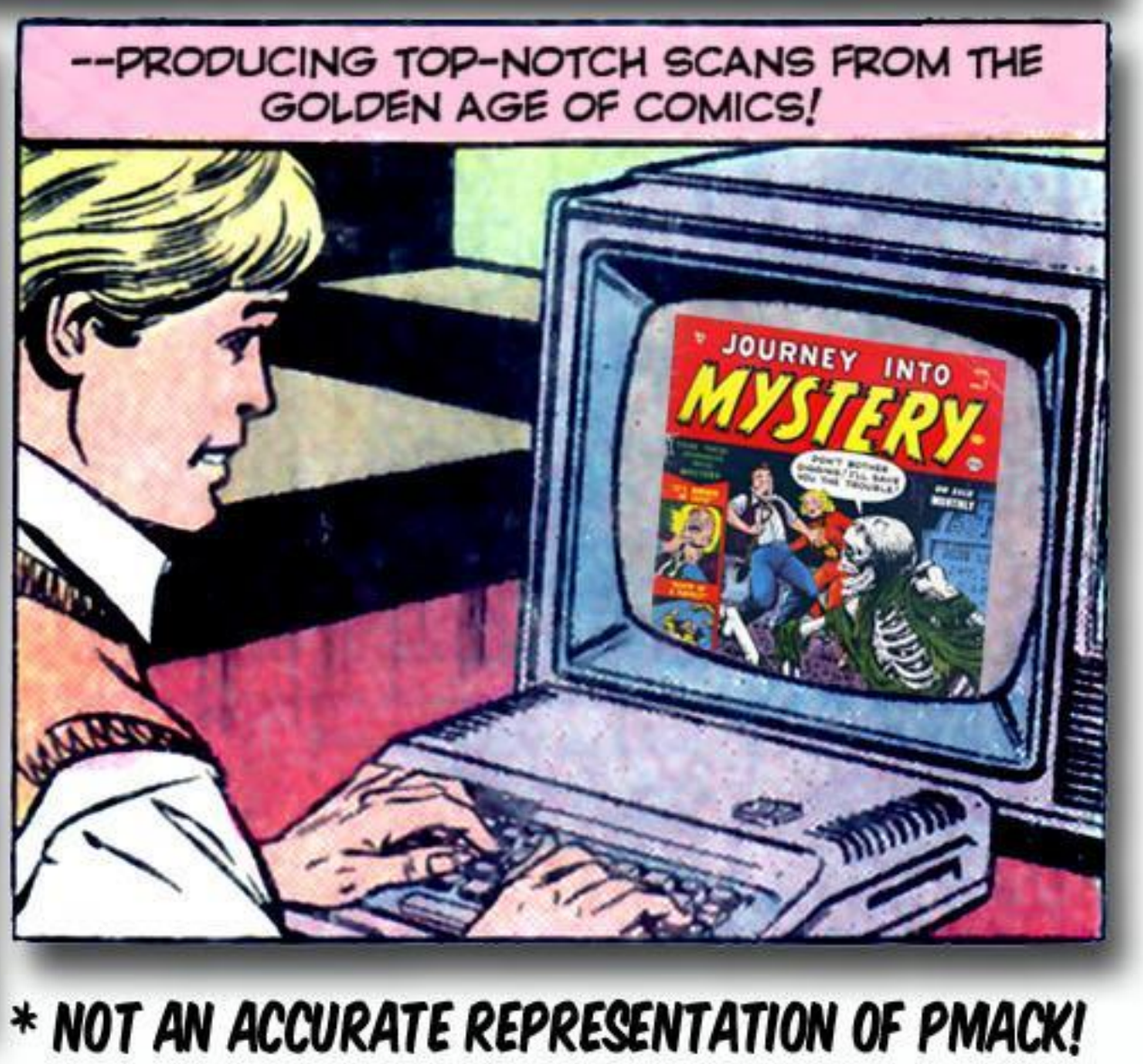
State _____

SECRETS of the PMACK SCANNING EMPIRE REVEALED


CLASS IS IN SESSION, JUST AS IT IS EVERY MORNING IN THIS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS...
BUT THE PARTICULAR CLASS WE'RE INTERESTED IN ISN'T LIKE EVERY OTHER...
LET'S GET SEATED NOW, CLASS! WE HAVE QUITE A BIT OF WORK TO COVER THIS MORNING--


WELL, CLASS, THE NETWORK 3 CONTROLLER ALLOWS ME TO CONNECT UP TO 16 STUDENT STATIONS--IN THIS CASE, OUR TRS-80 COLOR COMPUTERS--TO MY COLOR COMPUTER, WHICH HAS A "HOST" DISC DRIVE.
ALSO, NETWORK 3 PERMITS EACH STUDENT STATION TO SAVE AND LOAD SCANS DIRECTLY TO AND FROM THE "HOST," INCLUDING ACCESS TO THE HOST SCANNER.
WOULD ANYONE CARE TO GIVE IT A TRY?
2

ALL RIGHT, LET'S SWITCH ON OUR COMPUTERS AND GET STARTED.
AND SO, FOR THE NEXT HOUR, THERE IS SILENCE IN THE CLASSROOM AS THE SIXTH-GRADERS APPLY THEMSELVES TO THE TASK AT HAND--



* NOT AN ACCURATE REPRESENTATION OF PMACK!

Pmack Scans: shamelessly exploiting child labor since 2005